

Nothing so heauy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:  
For vnderneath an Ale-house paltry signe,  
The Castle in S. Albons, Somerset  
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:  
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:  
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.  
King. Can we outrun the Heauens? Good Margaret  
stay.

Qu. What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly:  
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,  
To giue the enemy way, and to secure vs  
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarum a farre off.

If you be tane, we then should see the bottome  
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,  
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)  
We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,  
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made  
May readily be stoppt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future mischeefe set,  
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:  
But flye you must: Vncurable discomfite  
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.  
Away for your releefe, and we will liue  
To see their day, and them our Fortune giue.  
Away my Lord, away.

Exeunt

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwick,  
and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.

Yorke. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,  
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets  
Aged contusions, and all brush of Time:  
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,  
Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day  
Is not it selfe, nor haue we wonne one foot,  
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My Noble Father:  
Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,  
Three times bestrid him: Thrice I led him off,  
Perswaded him from any further act:  
But still where danger was, still there I met him,  
And like rich hangings in a homely house,  
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,  
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day:  
By'th Masse so did we all. I thanke you Richard.  
God knowes how long it is I haue to liue:  
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day  
You haue defended me from imminent death.  
Well Lords, we haue not got that which we haue,  
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,  
Being opposites of such repaying Nature.

Yorke. I know our safety is to follow them,  
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,  
To call a present Court of Parliament:  
Let vs pursue him ere the Writs go forth.

What sayes Lord Warwick, shall we after them?

War. After them: nay before them if we can:  
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day,  
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,  
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.  
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,  
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.

Exeunt

FINIS.



## The third Part of Henry the with the death of the Duke of YORKE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Alarum.

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Mount-  
ague, Warwick, and Souldiers.

Warwicke.

Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?  
Pl. While we pursu'd the Horsmen of North,  
He slyly stole away, and left his men:  
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,

Whose Warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,  
Chear'd vp the drouping Army, and himselfe.  
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-breast  
Charg'd our maine Battailles Front: and breaking in,  
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers slaine.

Edw. Lord Staffords Father, Duke of Buckingham,  
Is either slaine or wounded dangerous.

I left his Beauer with a down-right blow:

That this is true (Father) behold his blood.

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires  
Whom I encountred as the Battels ioyn'd. (blood,

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Plant. Richard hath best deseru'd of all my sonnes:

But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Nor. Such hope haue all the line of Iohn of Gaunt.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henries head.

Warw. And so doe I, victorious Prince of Yorke.

Before I see thee seated in that Throne,

Which now the House of Lancaster vsurpes,

I vow by Heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.

This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,

And this the Regall Seat: possesse it Yorke,

For this is thine, and not King Henries Heires.

Plant. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will,

For hither we haue broken in by force.

Nor. Wee'll all assist you: he that flies, shall dye:

Plant. Thankes gentle Norfolk, stay by me my Lords,

And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.

They goe vp.

Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,

Vnlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce.

Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her counsaile,

By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.

Pl. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,

Vnlesse Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, be King,

And bashfull Henry depos'd, w

Hath made vs by-words to ou

Plant. Then leaue me not,

meane to take possession of n

Warw. Neither the King, no

The proudest hee that holds v

Dares stirre a Wing, if Warwic

He plant Plantagenet, root him

Resolue thee Richard, clayne m

Flourish. Enter King Henry,

Westmerland, Exeter

Henry. My Lords, looke w

Euen in the Chayre of State:

Backe by the power of Warw

To aspire vnto the Crowne, ar

Earle of Northumberland, he

And thine, Lord Clifford, & yo

On him, his sonnes, his favorit

Northumb. If I be not, He

Clifford. The hope thereof

Steele.

Westm. What, shall we suffer

My heart for anger burnes, I

Henry. Be patient, gentle

Clifford. Patience is for Pa

He durst not sit there, had you

My gracious Lord, here in the

Let vs assayle the Family of Y

North. Well hast thou spo

Henry. Ah, know you not t

And they haue troupes of Sou

Westm. But when the Duke

flye.

Henry. Farre be the thought

To make a Shambles of the P

Cousin of Exeter, frownes, w

Shall be the Warre that Henr

Thou factious Duke of Yorke

And kneele for grace and mer

I am thy Soueraigne.

Yorke. I am thine.

Exet. For shame come do

Yorke.

Yorke. It was my Inheritan